DECEMBER 1921

Little Folks

20c. a copy

$2.00 a year

S. E. CASSINO CO.,
SALEM - MASS.

Christmas Books For Children

Every mother buys some books every Christmas for her own children and as gifts for other children. And every year comes the same question — *"What books shall I give?"*

Obviously, little Johnny who is four years old would not be interested in the same books as dainty little Mary, who is six. Books have such an influence on the fresh, open minds of children that they should be chosen carefully and with thought.

The RAND McNALLY catalog (L. S. 12) will simplify selection of the right book for the right child. It not only describes more than 100 RAND McNALLY BOOKS but it classifies them according to the interest and understanding of children at different ages.

Write for this catalog and study it before you do your Christmas shopping. It will save you considerable time and worry. It will help you give little Johnny and Mary a *real* Merry Christmas.

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY—*Headquarters for Children's Books*—536 S. CLARK STREET, CHICAGO

RAND McNALLY BOOKS *are for sale in all shops where books are sold*

Ask for the RAND McNALLY *Edition*

—DO THIS NOW—
If you remit at once we will renew your subscription to Little Folks for $1.50 (regular price $2.00) and save you 50¢ by being prompt. Address only to Little Folks, Salem, Mass.

SOMETHING FOR YOUR PARTY

CHRISTMAS will seem still more Christmassy if the holidays hold a party for you and your little friends. If you begin early enough, you can have the fun of doing most of the getting ready yourself, and enjoy the party all the more for that reason.

A dozen guests are a good number for this first party. Decorate the rooms with holly and laurel if you can, but surely with festoons of twisted red and green crepe paper cut into long streamers, by your own nimble scissors. In one corner of the room set up a Christmas tree, and decorate it with strings of popcorn and cranberries, candy canes and little stockings of candy or nuts, one for each guest. You can make the stockings yourself, from strong muslin or tarletan, or you can use pretty paper napkins, their "necks" tied with gay cord or ribbon, and loops left for hanging on the branches.

With your crayons, draw on a large sheet of paper, a natural-sized fireplace with a mantel above it. Cut from paper as many stockings as there are guests, and stick a pin through the top of each. Blindfold each guest and tell her to pin her stocking to the mantel. The successful one should be given a little stocking with a toy in it.

For the next game, hang a large wreath in the doorway, and give each guest a snowball of crumpled white tissue paper, to throw through the wreath. The successful one should be rewarded with a Santa Claus box of candy. You can make the box yourself, by copying the pattern found on the Something Special page in this magazine.

When this game is over, the door-bell should ring, and when the hostess opens the door, who should enter but Santa Claus himself, announcing that he has come to tell Christmas stories. He should gather the guests about him on the floor, in front of the fireplace fire if it is possible to have one, and tell them Christmas stories until it is refreshment time, when he vanishes.

Streamers of red and green ribbon should run from the Christmas tree to the place of each little girl at the table, and to the end of each streamer should be attached a little box of candy with a tiny Santa Claus on top. Ice-cream, cake, popcorn balls, oranges and nuts will be the right sort of refreshments.

Still another sort of Christmas party is a St. Nicholas party—a Dutch Christmas. Decorate the rooms with crepe paper in Dutch designs, cutting out some of the quaint little figures, and stiffening them up with cardboard. Use raw-cotton snow, silver bells and silver tinsel if you can.

Mother or some other grown-up should gather all the guests about her on the floor to listen to the legend of St. Nicholas—how once a year Belgian, Dutch and other European children set out their wooden shoes on the eve of his feast, and find them filled with gifts in the morning. At the end of the story everyone should cry, as the little foreign children do, "Come, Santa Claus!"

Have a gift hunt next. Count out your guests, and as each one is counted out, send him from the room. While he is gone, decide among you where to hide his gift. Then call him in and let him hunt for it. Puzzles, balloons and the like make good gifts.

Next send all your guests from the room. When you call them in, tell them St. Nicholas has come and hidden a doll in the room. Ask each to choose and go to the spot he thinks the saint made a hiding-place. A piece of paper may be hidden instead of the doll. Now bring out a doll dressed in the national Dutch costume, and present it to the lucky guesser.

Refreshments close the party.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 50)

Silver Creek, N. Y.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl eleven years old, and in the eighth grade at school. I have taken Little Folks for nearly five years. I like all the stories in it very much. I am a Girl Scout. I live near Lake Erie and I go in swimming a great deal. I like to ride horse back. Last winter I had skiis and I used to go skiing for hours at a time on the hills. I have a bicycle, and a tennis racquet. I love to play tennis. For pets I have some rabbits. I take music lessons and do an hour's practising each day. That's the part of music lessons I don't like. I'd much rather be out-doors. I should like very much to have some boys and girls write to me. I will try to answer all the letters. My address is 15 Park Place.

Donaldine Dudley.

Shermerville, Ill.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a boy in the third grade, and I haven't been taking you very long, but I wish some of you would write to me. I will answer.

Lowell O. Mueller.

Hillsboro, Ill.

Dear "Little Folks":—My aunt sent "Little Folks" to me for Christmas last year, and I think if other aunts knew how much I have enjoyed it, they would get it for a Christmas present this year. I am ten years old and in the sixth grade at school. I take piano lessons, and believe I like my music more than anything else. There are coal mines, two smelters and a glass factory in or near Hillsboro. I wonder how many of you have been down in a coal mine? I have. I would be glad to receive letters from others who enjoy reading "Little Folks", and will try to answer all I receive.

Julia Ottie Hancock.

Thomaston, Conn.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for about a year, and I like you very much. I have no brothers or sisters, but I have quite a few playmates. I live in the country, and there are woods in back of our house. There is a hill in back of our house, too, and in the middle of the hill there is a big bump. In winter we go sliding on the hill and go over the bump. I am seven years old and in the fourth grade. Last winter I went to Florida and saw many alligators and crocodiles. We came home in a boat, and the water was not rough at all. Sometimes my playmates and I go on picnics in the woods alone, and we see squirrels and all sorts of birds and animals. There is a pond in the mountains, and sometimes we go there for our picnics. My friends and I have started a Home Guard Club. I would like to hear from any little girl or boy who lives in California or Florida.

Lucia Dewell.

Stroh, Ind.

Dear "Little Folks":—I take you and enjoy you very much. I am eleven years old, and have two brothers and one sister. I am in the sixth grade. My sister began taking you fourteen years ago, and has taken you ever since. I wish some of the readers would write to me. I will answer all the letters I get.

Emerson Palmer.

Tulsa, Okla.

Dear "Little Folks":—I have taken you for a year, and I like you very much. I took you once before for two years. I am thirteen years old and in the seventh grade. I am a Campfire Girl. I have no brothers or sisters but I have a lot of friends and I own a dog named "Bubbles." I would like to hear from any readers, especially from any Campfire Girls. I'll be glad to answer. I live at 1176 N. Boston St.

Fairy M. Hendricks.

(Something To Do Department continued on page 52)

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ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION
RELIEVES SAFELY AND PROMPTLY
CROUP OR WHOOPING COUGH
Also wonderfully effective in Bronchitis, Lumbago and Rheumatism.
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W. EDWARDS & SON, London, England
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Miniature Corner Store
(Cabinet Type)
⅛ actual size

A compact, well made toy representing the walls and shelves of a store. This toy is stocked with one hundred blocks representing in miniature some of the various articles commonly found in grocery stores. Fifty coupon bills and sufficient coin cards to make one hundred cardboard coins complete. One of the most interesting and educational toys on the market. An all the year round toy with limitless opportunities to increase the stock of miniatures.

Price $3.50

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Vapo Cresolene
Est. 1879
The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the **first** indication of a **cold** or **sore throat**, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

It is simple to use, as you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, **making breathing easy**, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for **Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh.** Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection when these diseases are epidemic. It gives great relief in **Asthma.**

Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past 42 years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 36.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
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Leming-Miles Bldg., Montreal Canada.

I THINK, Cousins, if I asked you which pledge you had found the hardest up to now, you'd all shout with one voice, "The third!" That's because it seems to be taking longer for you to earn your third honor than it has taken you to win any other. So right here and now, I want to beg of you not to be discouraged, but to keep on trying. I'm so anxious to send honors to every one of you, and to put them into *my* Guard Book, too! I'm pretty proud of my Record Book, I can tell you.

I think the first thing to do this month is to publish the complete Honor Roll, to date, as a sort of finish to this old year. When we know just where we stand, it is easier to begin the New Year right.

HOME GUARD HONOR ROLL

Raymond Lee, Bradford, Vt. (1,2)
Frances Lafferty, Greensburg, Kan. (1)
Frances Libby, Richmond, Me. (1, 2, 3)
Constance Graves, East Walpole, Mass. (1)
Nancy Graves, East Walpole, Mass. (1)
Ruth Perry, Amersterdam, N. Y. (1)
Madeline Ferguson, Middleport, N. Y. (1)
Laura Haynes, Middleport, N. Y. (1)
George F. Butterfield, Bay City, Mich. (1)
Chester B. Anderson, Camguey, Cuba (1, 2)
Catherine Whitehorn, Downers Grove, Ill. (1)
Barbara Watson, Hartford, Conn. (1)
Elizabeth Baker, Bradley, Mich. (2)
Esther Clark, Brookfield, Vt. (1, 2)
Jack Stevens, Alameda, Calif. (1)
Winifred Clark, Brookfield, Vt. (1)
Doris Church, Augusta, Maine (1, 2, 3)
Mary Carpenter, Shelby, N. C. (1, 2)
Helen Armstrong, Springvale, Pa. (1)
Mary Myers, Hutchinson, Kan. (1)
Elizabeth Baldwin, Northfield, Minn. (1)
Ruth Flickinger, Ridgeway, Ohio (1)
Mary Louise Courtright, Ashville, Ohio (1)
Madeleine Wilkinson, Boston, Mass. (1)
Carlota Anderson, Camaguey, Cuba (1)
Doris Saville, Okla. City, Okla. (2)
Elizabeth Peirson, Villisca, Ia. (1, 2)
Ruth Ludwig, Dale, Ind. (1, 2)
Mary Kish, Glassport, Pa. (1)
Thomas Kish, Glassport, Pa. (1)
Basil Smith, Bonner, Mont. (1)
Agnes Smith, Bonner, Mont. (1)
Dorothy Lee, Albion, N. Y. (3)
Master Reirson, Madison, Wis. (1)

That's a pretty good list, don't you think? And I'm sure that this coming year will see many new names added to it. I wonder, when you read it over, if you noticed the same thing about it that I did? Doris Church and Frances Libby are running a race — or so it looks! — for the big, final honor. Both little girls are from Maine, too! Do you all want Maine to win the prize? For my part, I'm going to be delighted with whoever wins it, no matter where they come from, but we really should make our competition stronger, and if we're going to have a race, make it a good one. Come, all you Cousins who have won your first and second honors already, and all you other Cousins who are trying to win them; show Doris and Frances that you are just as loyal Home Guards as they are, and every bit as able to win honors. I feel sure you can if you try, because so many of you have done so already. Only the Guards who win the six Guard Honors, will be eligible to try for the seventh, you know, and the seventh will be very much worth having, even though it is a secret I can't even whisper about.

Now let's get out our Record Books and rule off the fifth page, just as we have done the others, into thirty squares. Write at the head of the page,

I will be thoughtful and unselfish.

That is your fifth Guard pledge, and I don't think it needs much explaining, do you? Do

(*Continued on page 54*)

(Something To Do Department continued on page 54)

CAPSHEAF

The Modern

SAFETY PIN

TRAINED Nurses and Surgeons endorse the CAPSHEAF, because it is the ONLY coilless Saftey Pin. Cannot catch in the fabric. Never pulls out. Stiff, strong, rustproof—made in black or nickel finish, sizes 0, 1, 2, 2 1-2 and 3.

JUDSON PIN COMPANY

Manufacturers Rochester, N. Y.

Send 10c for Card of size No. 2 1-2 or size No. 3 to

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DELISCO

The Most Delicious Substitute for Coffee Drinkers

Endorsed by Physicians and Professor Allyn of Westfield

Soothes the nerves, equals in taste and aroma the choicest grades of coffee, without the caffeine effects

Delisco contains 21% protein

For Children, Adults and Invalids

At your Grocer's—50 cup pkg.—48c.

By Parcel Post:

1 package 55c 2 packages $1.00

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Sole Selling Agents

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LOCAL AGENTS WANTED

Real Mattress Cleanliness

BED ticking is a sieve-like fabric which allows foreign matter to filter through and to become a fixture in the mattress. Re-covering such bedding is an uncleanly makeshift which merely does away with part of the trouble.

What is needed is an antiseptic washable

QUILTED MATTRESS PROTECTOR

which really solves the vexing problem

It fully protects the mattress and adds to its life.

Excelsior Quilted Mattress Protectors are made of two pieces of heavy bleached white muslin, both sides quilted with dainty snow-white wadding of the best grade between. Soft, springy, sanitary.

Wash easily without losing their light, fluffy texture.

Made in All Sizes

Look for the trade mark—Avoid substitutes

EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO., 15 Laight St., N. Y. City

LITTLE FOLKS' HOME GUARD

(*Continued from page 52*)

you admire and love a person, whether a child or a grown-up, who always wants things his own way, who always wants the best or the most of everything? No, of course you don't! Nobody really does. But do you know that many people grow up selfish and thoughtless and don't realize that they have such disagreeable characteristics? — not until somebody tells them, and then they feel very much hurt and angry at being told. Of course, you can't blame them for that; but how much better it would have been if they had learned when they were boys and girls to think of what others would like and to be willing to share with them.

I don't know that you ever thought that you were making a gift of yourself all the time, did you? In a way, you are; for every time you are somebody's companion, you give that person a little bit of your personality. If the bit of a gift is pleasant, the person will like you and want to know you better; but if you show yourself unpleasant and selfish and inconsiderate, he will not want to be with you. That is why, if we are to have lots of friends, and make our lives beautiful and useful, we need to remember to be thoughtful of others and to share our good things with them, so that they may be happy and useful, too, in their turn. Christmas is the season of gifts, and New Year's is the season of good resolutions. It would be a nice thing to do, don't you think, to decide to be just as thoughtful and unselfish as we could, so that our gift of ourselves would be as delightful a gift as any we could make. I heard a story a little while ago about a little child who had no money for Christmas gifts and felt very badly about it until a kind fairy whispered that Mother would be pleased with a smile instead of a frown every time things didn't please the little giver; that the lame man up the street, who couldn't go outdoors, would enjoy a call now and then from a happy little child; that a little playmate, who wasn't very rich either, would like quite as well as a fine gift, to be allowed to play with the little child's most choice toy, now and then, and to be allowed, too, to choose the play when they were playing together. So, you see, when the little child agreed to give gifts like those instead of grieving because he had no money for presents, he was being thoughtful of others' happiness and unselfish, and he was giving a really splendid gift that Mother, and the lame friend, and the little playmate could appreciate. You can give that sort of gifts yourself, if you like. The little child in the story wrote on slips of paper which he gave to each person, what he intended to do for him or her for his Christmas gift. If you do that, you must be careful to fulfill all your gift-promises.

At any rate, for thirty days, try to be thoughtful of the happiness of other folk, and be unselfish. When you feel like choosing the best for yourself, or having the most of anything, think, "Am I playing fair? Wouldn't another like to have some of this, too?" And if you decide to share—unselfishness doesn't mean you can't have *any*, but that you should share, unless it is going to greatly benefit the other person for you to go without—you will be surprised at the pleasure you are going to get out of keeping this fifth pledge.

I am answering your letters as fast as I can, and hope to have them all done before the New Year comes in. If there are any questions you want to ask me about our Club, I shall be glad to answer them. If you wish to join, you may do so by writing to me and sending five cents for a pin if you want one.

And now, a Very Merry Christmas, and a wonderfully Happy New Year to every Guard, everywhere.

Lovingly your friend,

Cousin Constance.

SOMETHING TO GUESS

MARY Smith of LeContes Mills, Pa., sends us such a lot of good conundrums, that we are printing some more of them.

1. What is the difference between Henry VIII and a man deep in thought? The first is a fat king, and the second is a thinking.

2. Is there an English word that contains all the vowels? Unquestionably.

3. Why does a hen lay an egg? If she dropped them they would break.

4. Why are potatoes and corn like heathen idols? Because, having eyes, they see not; having ears, they hear not.

5. Why doesn't Sweden have to send abroad for cattle? She keeps her Stockholm (stock home).

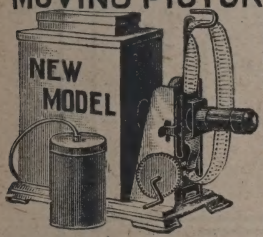
(Something To Do Department continued on page 56)

COMPLETE SCHOOL COMPANION FREE

This neat, compact, noiseless companion, containing several fine quality pencils pen and penholder, and Van Dyke eraser. Case of imitation grained leather, closing noiselessly with snap clasp. A companion you may be proud of and one that you need. To get it sell 15 packages of Greeting cards at 10c. a package. Send the money you collect and we send the companion.

SECCO SALES CO., SALEM, MASS.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE



This genuine New Model American made Moving Picture Machine with film—ALL GIVEN for selling 20 pkgs. Bluine at 15c a pkg. Write for them. We send them postpaid. When sold return $3.00 and we send machine, film and extra premium of set of admission tickets. **BLUINE MFG. CO., 888 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.**

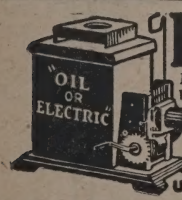
FREE Eastman Film Camera Popular size with handle and view finder, for time and snapshot pictures. Just order 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve (the wonder Menthol Ointment.) Return $3 and complete camera is yours. Or choice of Moving Picture Machine, Thin Model Watch or Flashlight. Write for goods today. We trust you. Address **U.S. SUPPPLY CO. Dept. 947 Greenville. Pa.**

SCHOOL COMPANION FREE TO YOU

Made of heavy, cloth-covered pasteboard, finished in bright, attractive colors. Contents very complete, containing collapsible drinking cup, several excellent penciils, pencil sharpener, adjustable lead pencil with box of extra leads. No better companion for general school use. Very attractive and more than useful.

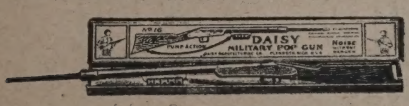
We send you this Companion for selling only 25 packages of Greeting cards at 10 cents a package. Return to us the money you collect and the Companion is yours.

SECCO SALES CO., SALEM, MASS.



FREE MOVING PICTURE MACHINE

Fine moving picture machine with supply of films. Easy to operate, by oil or electricity. Free for selling only 12 boxes of Mentho-Nova Salve, the wonderful Menthol ointment for cuts, burns, catarrh, etc. Sell at 25c a box, return the $3 and receive this dandy premium. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order now. Hundreds of other premiums and big Cash Commission. U. S. Supply Co., Dept. 857 Greenville, Pa.



This is a Daisy Military Pop-gun, built on strictly military lines. Equipped with slug, and detachable, rubber-tipped bayonet. Pump action, makes a lot of noise, with absolutely no danger. Length 31 inches, weight 1 1-4 pounds. Given for selling 30 packages of Greeting cards at 10c. each.

SECCO SALES CO., SALEM, MASS.

Walking and Sleeping Doll Free

This lovely doll REALLY WALKS in the most life-like way. She has a large well stuffed body, beautiful face, EYES THAT OPEN AND CLOSE, pretty dress, cap, shoes and stockings, movable head, arms and legs. We give her for selling 20 packages BLUINE at 15 cts. a package. Write today.

BLUINE MFG. CO. 291 Mill St. Concord Jct., Mass.

EVERY GIRL NEEDS A PENKNIFE

The one we offer is a little beauty, having a stag handle and both a large and a small blade of fine quality steel that takes a good, keen edge. For selling 30 packages of Greeting cards at 10c. a package and returning to us the money you collect, you may have one of these fine knives.

SECCO SALES CO., SALEM, MASS.

All this jewelry is yours for selling only six Bozes Mentho Nova Salve at 25c. Wonderful for catarrh, cuts, burns, influenza, etc. When sold return $1.50 and and all 8 re pieces are yours. We give musical instruments, phonographs, watches, dishes, sweaters, etc. Order 6 boxes today. **U. S. SUPPLY COMPANY, Box 313 Greenville, Pa.**

"THE BEST EVER"

is what owners think of their "So Handy" pocket knife and tool kits. Complete, compact kit for boys, good for all kinds of odd jobs. Weighs only 5 oz. Easily carried in a pocket. Kit contains fine Jack Knife with coco handle, and unusually good blade, and these tools which can be instantly attached to handle: file, chisel, reamer, screw driver, bottle opener, gimlet and rule.

Given to you for selling 40 packages of Greeting cards at 10c. a package. Return the money you collect and receive your "So Handy."

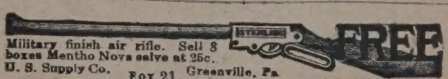
SECCO SALES CO., SALEM, MASS.

Big Powerful Bell Shape Lens FREE FLASH LIGHT

Splendid Big Bell Flash Light double-cell battery mazda lamp. Complete for selling only 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve—great for Catarrh, burns, etc. Sell at 25c, return $3.00 and flashlight is yours. Order today. Sharp-O Clutch Pencil Free for promptness. **U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. 167 Greenville, Pa.**

Sensation of Toyland? Runs under water on top of it; straight ahead or in circles. Measures 10 1-2 inches and is finished in battleship gray and red. Operating parts of metal, with pure rubber motor which will last a long time. Ideal for seashore, park, lakes, swimming pools and bath tubs. Yours for selling 20 packages of Greeting cards at 10 cents a package. Write to-day.

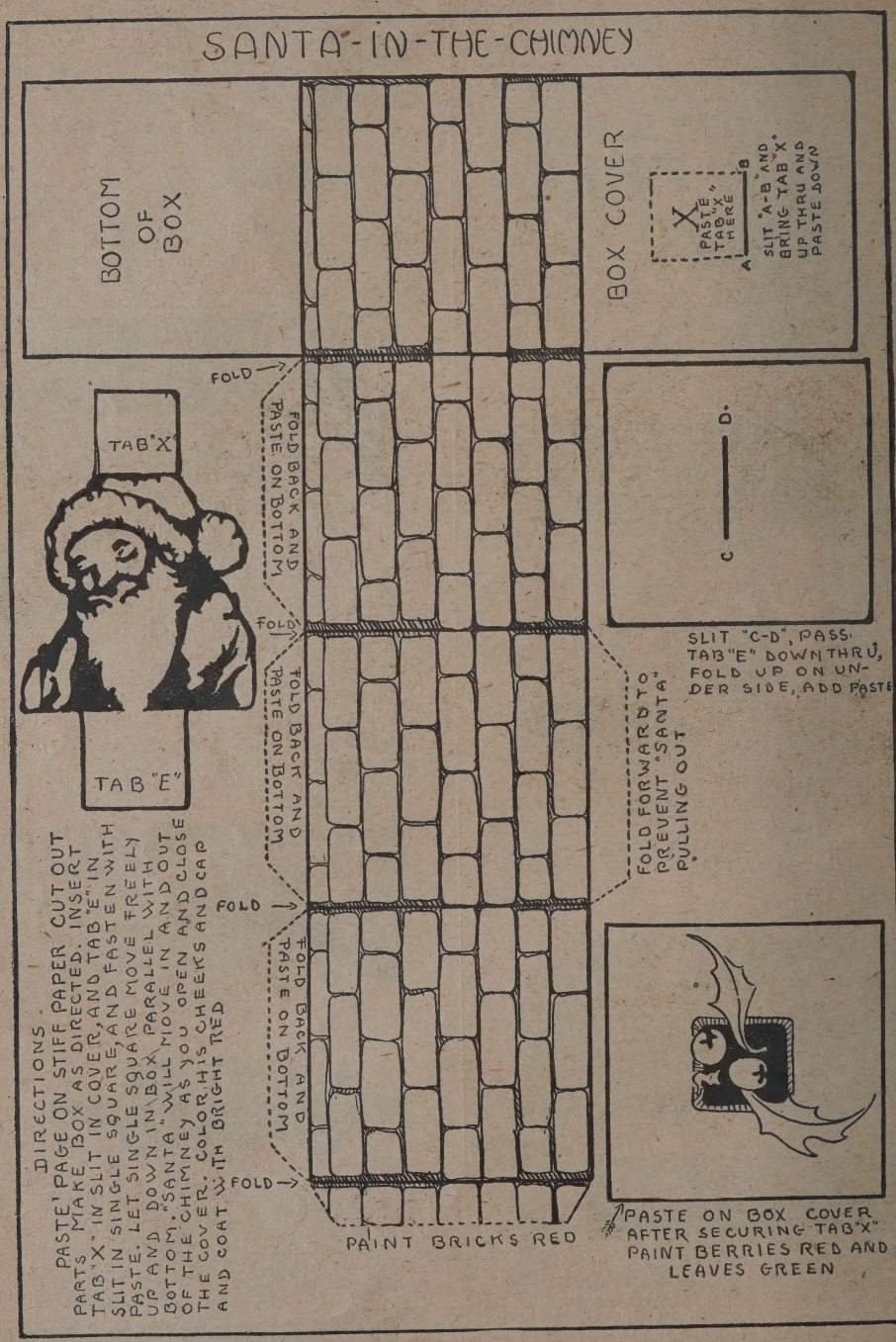
SECCO SALES CO., SALEM, MASS.



Military finish air rifle. Sell 8 boxes Mentho Nova salve at 25c. U. S. Supply Co. Box 21, Greenville, Pa.

SOMETHING SPECIAL FOR DECEMBER

A CANDY BOX FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS DINNER TABLE


SANTA-IN-THE-CHIMNEY
BOTTOM OF BOX
BOX COVER
X PASTE "TAB X" HERE
A
B
SLIT "A-B" AND BRING TAB "X" UP THRU AND PASTE DOWN
FOLD
FOLD BACK AND PASTE ON BOTTOM
TAB "X"
TAB "E"
C
D
SLIT "C-D", PASS TAB "E" DOWN THRU, FOLD UP ON UNDER SIDE, ADD PASTE
FOLD FORWARD TO PREVENT "SANTA" PULLING OUT
DIRECTIONS
PASTE PAGE ON STIFF PAPER, CUT OUT PARTS. MAKE BOX AS DIRECTED. INSERT TAB "X" IN SLIT IN COVER, AND TAB "E" IN SLIT IN SINGLE SQUARE, AND FASTEN WITH PASTE. LET SINGLE SQUARE MOVE FREELY UP AND DOWN IN BOX, PARALLEL WITH BOTTOM. "SANTA" WILL MOVE IN AND OUT OF THE CHIMNEY AS YOU OPEN AND CLOSE THE COVER. COLOR HIS CHEEKS AND CAP AND COAT WITH BRIGHT RED
PAINT BRICKS RED
PASTE ON BOX COVER AFTER SECURING TAB "X"
PAINT BERRIES RED AND LEAVES GREEN

(Something To Do Department continued on page 90)

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WAITING FOR SANTA

THE babies have hung up their stockings all right—
And, if only they *can* keep awake through the night,
I'm sure they will see a wonderful sight!

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. XXV DECEMBER, 1921 No. 2

THE BETHLEHEM PARTNER

BY ELIZABETH FLINT WADE

LITTLE Ward Lawrence was the "star singer" in the little folks' department of the Bethany Sunday School. Sunday after Sunday his clear, sweet voice could be heard high above the rest, for he loved to sing just as the birds do, for the sake of singing. Ward loved the Christmas hymns better than all the rest, so he was glad when it came December and they began to practice the Christmas exercises. One of the new hymns this Christmas was all about Bethlehem, and Ward thought it was fine. He specially liked the chorus:

"Good News! Good News from Bethlehem!
Sound it o'er dale and hill!
Peace on the earth! Peace on the earth!
And to all men, Good Will!"

The hymn had a ringing tune and Ward sung it as loud as he could.

Now the Bethany Sunday School had a mission-school in the poor part of the city and this year the Christmas exercises at the Bethany Sunday School were to be repeated sometime in Christmas week at the mission for the pleasure of the poor children. As Ward was the "star singer" and loved to sing he was to sing one of the hymns all alone, and he chose the song about Bethlehem.

Ward's teacher had been telling her class what the spirit of Christmas meant—that it was to do things for those who were poor and had hard times, and not just to give presents to those one loved. Ward asked many questions about doing things for poor people and the teacher said she thought it would be nice for each one of the class to find a poor little boy, and do something for him, and they all promised her they would try

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Ward generally rode down town with his father every morning when he went to business, and came home alone. The next morning, on their way he told him what the teacher had said about helping a poor little boy, and that he would like to do it.

HE STOOD LOOKING AFTER THE WELL-DRESSED LADDIE

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Lawrence, "and here's fifty cents for you so that you can."

"Where do you think I can find one, Papa?" asked Ward.

They were getting off the car, and Mr. Lawrence pointed to a very ragged and diminutive newsboy selling papers on the opposite side of the street.

"There's your poor little boy." said he. "Run and speak to him."

Ward looked at the small boy, then ran across the street and called to him. "Don't you want me to help you?"

"Want to go into the biz'niz?" asked the little fellow. "Well, yes, you might come along. I ain't got any pardner an' I'd like one."

Ward took out the fifty cents his father had given him.

"I can't help this morning," he said, "but here's fifty cents. You get that worth of papers and I'll come tomorrow and help sell. Where do you live and what is your name?"

"I don't live nowhere," said the boy. "I just stays where I can. Last night I had a good warm bed in a barrel of ashes. I heard a lady say I was a wafunstray. I don't know what 'tis but I reckon 'tisn't anything nice. My name's Jimmy! I'll be on this corner at eight o'clock."

And then he stood looking after the well-dressed laddie who had trusted him with fifty cents!"

That night at dinner Ward's father asked if he helped the poor boy.

"No, but I'm going to tomorrow," Ward answered. "He said he was a wafunstray. What is a wafunstray, Papa?"

"A waif and stray, you mean," said Mr. Lawrence. "A waif is someone without a home or any person to take care of him. I guess you've got the right boy."

The day before Christmas is a busy one. There are so many "last things" to be done that no one thinks of anyone else, so it is not strange that Mr. Lawrence didn't notice that Ward came to breakfast in his rough play-suit and his shabby shoes. He was ready with his overcoat and cap long before his father was through breakfast. He feared Jimmy would be waiting for him; and sure enough when he left the car there the newsboy was, on the corner, with his big bundle of papers.

HIS CLEAR VOICE RANG OUT ON THE FROSTY AIR

"You must call out something that's in the papers, so folks will want to buy," said Jimmy, welcoming Ward and giving

HE RAN TO THE PLATFORM AND TOOK HOLD OF WARD'S HAND

him a lot of the papers. "Like this, you know. 'Here ye are! News! News! all 'bout the big fire! Twenty killed! Child burned alive! News! News! Here's yer News!' "

A man stopped and bought a paper, and then Jimmy told Ward to go over on the other corner and call his papers. Ward tried to call out as Jimmy did, but it seemed so dreadful to tell of folks being burned to death that he just called, "News! News! here's your News! one cent!" But none stopped to buy.

After a few minutes Jimmy came across the street.

"Say, pardner," said he, "I guess the reason you don't sell papers is 'cause your togs is too fine. Rags helps ye to sell papers! Look at mine!"

Ward did look at Jimmy's rags. Then he took his knife out of his pocket, sat down on the curb and dug little holes in the knees of his trousers with the point of his knife, then tore them larger with his fingers. He was so pleased with the result that he did the same thing with his stockings, and with his coat, and even cut the tip from one of his shoes. He ended by taking off his overcoat and putting it on Jimmy who found it warm though a bit too large.

But even Ward's rags didn't sell his papers, and Jimmy came over to him again. "Sing up! sing up!" said he. "There won't nobody buy 'less you sing up!"

"Sing up!" Was that what he must do? Why, of course, he could sing, and Ward waved a paper aloft and began to sing:

"Good News! Good News from Bethlehem!
Shout it o'er dale and hill!"

His clear voice rang out on the frosty air, and people stopped to listen, and then to buy his papers. Excited by his success he sang louder and louder and the more he sang the more papers he sold. Everybody, almost, that went along stopped to buy a paper. "Say, Lawson, come over!" called one man to another, laughing. "Here's news from Bethlehem!"

"Gee! but you kin sing," exclaimed Jimmy coming across to give Ward more papers. "But, say, I didn't know there was any good news from Beth'lum in the papers. I'll holler it too!"

With Jimmy calling, and Ward singing, and men laughing, presently the "Christmas newsboys" had sold out their stock.

They ran off and sat down in a sheltered corner to count their money.

"Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty," went on Ward who was counting. "Oh, Jimmy, there are two dollars and fifty cents! Take it. I'm awful glad I've helped you!" And crowding all the change into Jimmy's hands he ran to catch a car for home.

"Come back tomorrow, pardner!" called Jimmy; but Christmas day came and no pardner, nor did he come the next day

after. So Jimmy rolled up his partner's share of the money in a piece of paper and tucked it in his deepest pocket to keep until he should come around.

Now Jimmy went to the Bethany mission-school and he was there bright and early at the Christmas entertainment. He had never seen a Christmas Tree. He had dreamed of how beautiful it was going to be, but he was not prepared for so wonderful a sight as he saw when he opened the door of the mission rooms. Such a dazzling tree, all lighted with candles from top to bottom and covered with shining balls and hearts and stars, and the boughs bending with curious packages that might hold almost anything a boy would like.

Before the gifts were taken from the tree the Bethany Sunday School gave the programme they had had at their own entertainment. There was singing, and playing, and speaking pieces, and by and by the superintendent said "We will close with a solo by our 'star singer.'"

As the superintendent finished speaking, a little boy dressed in a black velvet suit came to the edge of the platform. He had soft curly hair and his eyes were blue and sparkling. He began his song. He sang a verse, then with all the power of his clear voice struck into the ringing chorus:

"Good News! Good news from Bethlehem!"

But he had sung only this one line when there was a noise in the rear of the room. A little ragged boy, wearing a very good overcoat several sizes too large for him, scrambled down from his seat and ran forward crying out, "Oh, it's my Beth'lum pardner, my Beth'lum pardner!"

Up he ran to the platform, and caught hold of Ward's hand. "Oh, pardner," cried he, "I've got yer money an' here 'tis!" Diving his hand down into his pocket he drew out the little clumsy package of change.

Of course the singing had stopped; but now the superintendent came forward and, after a question or two, holding Jimmy by the hand, Ward finished his solo, and when he came to the

last verse all the children rose and sung the beautiful chorus with him.

While the presents were being distributed the superintendent found out from Jimmy how Ward had been his partner for one day and also found out a great deal about Jimmy himself. After the distribution he took Ward by one hand and Jimmy by the other and standing on the platform with them he told the Sunday School all that he had learned about the newspaper partnership.

And what do you think the Bethany Sunday School did when it heard the story? Why, it adopted Jimmy right then and there, for it had a fund which could be used for kind deeds. Jimmy is now Mr. Lawrence's office boy mornings, and goes to school every afternoon; and he says it was a good day for him when he met his "Beth-lum pardner."

Jimmy can't sing, but he is generally whistling the chorus of Ward's Christmas hymn.

JACKY FROST

HO for Jacky Frost!
Ha for Jacky Frost!
I wonder what he's up to now!
Will he paint the grasses white
In the middle of the night?
Will he nip the apple left upon the bough?

Will he cover up the stream?
Will he make the window gleam
Like a dainty picture-book of fairy lore?
Will he turn the rain to snow?
Yes, I think he will; for, oh,
The rouge has done it every year before!

Elizabeth Hill

The Little Left-over Doll

BY LUCIA CHASE BELL

IT was only the second Tuesday evening in October, but Mr. Penny, the notion-store man, had his store brightly lighted, and had begun to display things that looked like Christmas things in his window. On this particular evening it had a string of dolls; papier-mache dolls, rubber dolls, kid dolls, wax dolls and china dolls. Some of them were left-overs from last Christmas time, and had lain all summer in dusty boxes under the counter. None of the dolls were dressed, and they fairly shivered on their string as the wind crept in around the warped frame of Mr. Penny's old window. The left-overs seemed to shiver the most. They knew so well what it would be, to hang there all night long in the frosty air. The new dolls all smiled sweetly and did not seem to mind.

Sometimes a group of little children would stop in front of the window to point at the dolls, and "choose." Sometimes they would "choose" for an hour and the new dolls kept on smiling the sweetest smiles, for each felt certain that it would soon be her turn to go. But the children would skip away at last without buying a single one.

This evening, when the dolls were shivering on their string, Miss Patty Rosywinkle and Miss Polly Rosywinkle across the way sat down beside their clean old polished stove to enjoy the warmth of the fire and see its pretty glow through the little mica panes in the stove doors, before lighting the lamp.

"I think I'd like the cold evenings better," said Miss Patty, "if Mr. Penny wouldn't hang up that row of dolls all naked in his window over there. They do look so cold!"

Miss Patty and Miss Polly both turned, in the dark, and looked through their window at Mr. Penny's shop. And there hung the dolls in a row, and they did look very cold.

"If you don't beat all, Patty, about those dolls," said Miss Polly. "An old woman like you!"

"I'm only as old as I feel," said Miss Patty, "and I feel just as I always did about dolls."

The next evening, when they were coming home from prayer-meeting, the air was sharper than ever. The naked dolls in Mr. Penny's window still shivered, and Miss Patty held Miss Polly's arm and compelled her to stop and look. "I should think he might have somebody dress them," she said; and then she pointed to one of the left-over dolls at the end of the row. It had a darling little red mouth wth a pleading smile, and soft brown eyes, and loose fluffy yellow hair tied with a blue ribbon, and dimples in its little pink elbows, and a neck that looked plump and soft.

"I have a great mind to buy that one!" said Miss Patty. And then she walked straight into the shop and bought the doll. She carried it home cuddled up close under her cloak, and there she wrapped it, as quickly as she could, in the Roman silk, off the back of the velvet chair, and put it on the chair cushion in front of the fire.

"It *is* a pretty doll!" Miss Polly acknowledged.

"Of course," said Miss Patty, with a faint blush in her cheeks, "you know I don't really mean to keep it. I shall give it to our little niece, Gertrude, for a Christmas present, if you'll help me prepare its wardrobe."

"That's a good plan," said Miss Polly.

The next evening they began. They found scraps of fine cambric and bought some fairy little lace edgings, and Miss Patty wore her daintiest white apron for dolly to lie upon in her lap while she was being fitted. They snipped and tucked and gathered and hemmed; and eleven o'clock struck before they knew

it. "Mercy me—eleven!" cried Miss Patty. She felt almost wicked, and instantly began putting away the things in a little box.

Then she laid the box away in the bottom drawer of the old mahogany chiffonier. The doll's neck and its little arms were bare. She shoved the drawer back to its place and began to put the room in order, and Miss Polly went away to bed.

When Miss Patty was all through with the room, she stood by the fire a minute and looked at the chiffonier. And then she walked softly to it and opened the drawer and lifted the cover of the box and laid her own little silk shoulder-shawl over the doll and tucked it in all around its neck like a blanket.

Then she, too, went to bed.

It took six evenings to finish the doll's things. "I should just love to see Gertrude when she gets the box," Miss Patty said, on the last evening.

"So I should!" said Miss Polly, for she had grown quite fond of the doll herself.

There was not another thing to do for the doll. It had cunning nightgowns, and wrappers, and little crocheted jackets, and embroidered shoulder-blankets, and a white cloak embroidered in blue. Before they went to bed they packed the doll with all its things in a strong box to send by express, and cleared away all the snippings and scraps, and addressed the box, and in the morning the expressman came and took it away.

The doll's journey lasted four days. On the fourth day, as they sat at tea, said Miss Patty to Miss Polly, "Now the box has just about reached Gertrude. Probably they're opening it about now—perhaps she has dolly in her hands this minute!"

And the doll had reached Gertrude. But it was a good thing that her aunts could not see how their niece looked nor hear what she said. All the rest of the family were crowding around, exclaiming, "What a beautiful doll! Did you *ever* see anything so lovely! How dear of Aunt Patty and Aunt Polly."

Gertrude had a big book under her arm. It was open, and her arm held it propped upon her hip. She did not put the book down, nor did she take the doll in her hands.

"I SHOULD LOVE TO SEE GERTRUDE WHEN SHE GETS IT!"

"I don't care for dolls," she said, glancing at her present, "though it's very nice of Aunt Polly and Aunt Patty to send it."

Then she went back to the window-seat where she had been reading, and bent her head over the book again.

Gertrude's mother really felt grieved, and Gertrude's older sisters, and even her father, were shocked to witness Gertrude's behavior.

"The trouble is," said her mother, sadly, "she's crazy to read! She can't see or hear, half the time, on account of her book. It

does not matter to her what she reads, so she's reading. She reads in school and out of school. She reads in bed at night, if I don't watch her, and on the way to school, and even in church, and while she's braiding her hair, or practising! And this is such a lovely doll!"

"I guess a girl can read too much!" said Gertrude's father.

Gertrude's sister Ann set the doll up on the library mantel, and soon the fire went out, and every one went to bed, and the house grew still and very cold.

No one could imagine the feelings of the doll, after having lived with Gertrude's aunts. The mantel grew icier and icier. Chill draughts sifted down from the chimney, fluttering its little petticoats and chilling its toes. All at once a long rattling scraping jingling noise tore the air. It was only the clock's alarm gong, but it seemed a frightful sound to the doll. And presently the clock struck twelve times and made the mantel tremble, and the poor doll almost slid over the edge of the mantel with fright. This was worse than it ever had been in Mr. Penny's window. There you could not fall off your string. It seemed ages till morning. But at last, at last, Jenny, the maid, came and built a fire in the grate—a hot fire that blistered the doll's toes, and scorched its petticoats.

Soon Gertrude came too and curled herself up on the window-seat with her book, but she never looked toward the fire. The little doll never felt so lonesome in her life. Suddenly the door-bell rang and nobody would go to the door. The doll grew very nervous, and wished she could go herself. But at last Gertrude went, with her book on her hip and saying to herself, "Who can that be, so early?"

She opened the door, and a sweet little voice said, "Good-morning! We're around collecting old dolls that you don't want. We dress them for the Children's Mission to give away to the poor children in the hospitals at Christmas. Could you give us any, please?"

Two little girls stood there, smiling up at her, with a big basket full of dolls, old, broken, ragged, cast-off dolls.

"I can give you a new one, all dressed," said Gertrude, "I'll

be glad to. Wait here a minute." She went in and took the doll off the mantel, carelessly, with one hand, and carried it to the door and laid it in the basket. Then she went back and brought the box filled with the doll's beautiful wardrobe.

The little girls could hardly speak for one minute. Then one of them cried out, "Oh—will you give us *this* doll? And all—these clothes! We never heard of such a thing! To give away such a lovely doll! You must want to make somebody feel very glad!" And the eyes of both shone on Gertrude.

"Oh, I don't care for dolls—that's all," said honest Gertrude, and then she turned away with her book and shut the door.

The little girls sat down on the snowy top-step and quickly put on the doll's little lace hood and it's long white cloak. Then they hugged it and kissed it, and one carried it while the other carried the precious box of clothes. The doll was warm and happy again. And the little girls danced rather than walked along the street.

THE LITTLE LAME GIRL

They went to a certain ward in the Children's Hospital to the bed of a little crippled girl they knew with a thin face and very happy eyes, lying on her back. There they placed the baby doll on her arm with its cheek snuggled against hers; and every one who came in afterward heard her singing softly.

Well, the little lame girl with the happy eyes is cured now, so that she can walk, even run and dance. But she still lives at the Children's Hospital. She has lovely work to do. It is to cheer up little sick children who are brought there, she and her

doll. She has no other home, and they love her at the Hospital. She goes out into the street every day to give her doll fresh air, and to show her to little children. And no doll in the whole city has so many friends or does so much good as this dolly with the pleading smile who was once a left-over doll.

Sometime in January the Rosywinkle aunts received a polite note from their niece, thanking them for their Christmas present, and stating that she had given the doll to a Hospital.

But the Rosywinkle aunts never have known that the dear little left-over doll from Mr. Penny's window became a city missionary, nor that she holds large doorstep meetings on many a street, and does a great deal of good; perhaps they may learn of it now. If they do, they will be much pleased.

A RIDDLE-RHYME

TEN centuries and nine ago,
And twenty years, this month of snow,
With faces glad and reverent,
Across Judea's plains they went.

And through the night a star led them
Toward the town of Bethlehem,
Where in the manger sweet with hay
The little Christ-Child smiling lay.

And as they went, a great light shone,
And angels, in a shining zone,
Sang from the heavens all hushed and still,
Of peace on earth, to men good-will.

Now who were they, that wondrous night,
Who, led by song and white star-light,
With gifts and worship took their way
To where the Christ-Child smiling lay?

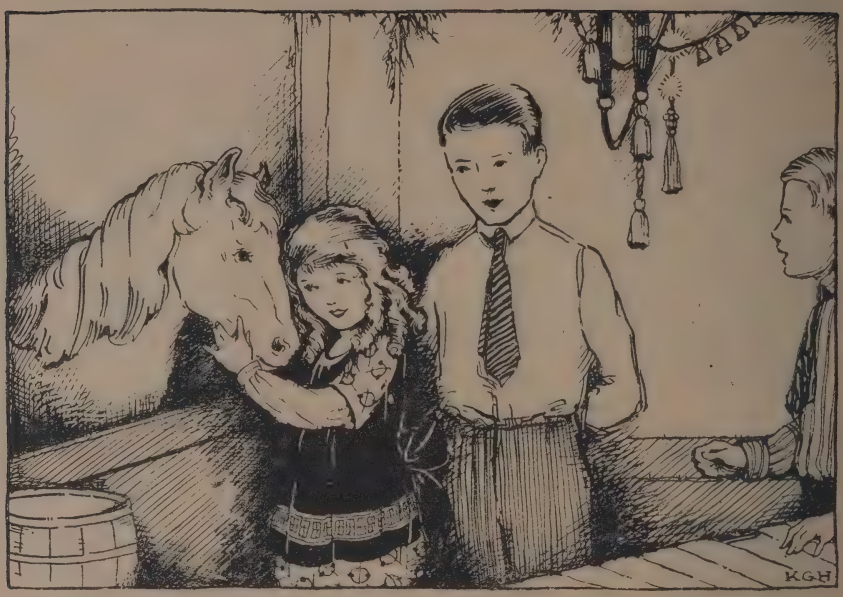
C. S. Pratt

EMBROIDERIES ON THE PANE

JACK FROST'S EMBROIDERY

OLD Jacky Frost works like a girl,
And though he does not take
A needle, lovely patterns of
Embroidery he can make;
Just see those now upon the pane—
A centerpiece of fern
With little doileys just to match!
Where *did* old Jacky learn!

M. J. H.



BINGO IS A CIRCUS PONY

THE LITTLE PRINCESS OF HONEYPOT HILL

BY CONSTANCE V. FRAZIER

CHAPTER II.—THE PICNIC

"OH, I think picnics are perfectly grand!" sighed Dorothy, wrapping sandwiches carefully. "Putting up the lunch is such fun!"

"Aren't we glad, though, that Raoul got here in time for *this* picnic!" cried Gene. "It wouldn't have been half so much fun without him, would it, Dot?"

"It would have been *tremendously* horrid!" agreed Dorothy.

"If it is that it gives my friends so much pleasure," said Raoul, in his delightful French way, "I, too, am glad to be here for your *pique-nique*. But I do not quite know—how does one make the American *pique-nique?*"

"And to think we forgot you had never been to one!" exclaimed Dorothy. "Gene and I never went to one in your country. You weren't having them in those days, were you? So we don't know whether yours are at all like ours or not; but here we

play games and have races and contests and ball games; and we dance and eat our lunches, and if there is water, we go bathing or rowing. Sometimes we stay late and build a fire and sing around it, and toast marshmallows, or bacon, or frankfurts, and—"

"But we don't do that on Honeypot," interrupted Gene. "There are too many trees, and trees are valuable. We don't want any forest-fires on Honeypot."

"No," agreed Raoul. "But your American *pique-nique,* it sounds delightful. I shall enjoy this occasion."

"When you have finished," interupted Aunt Olivia, "you young folks may run along. Maman and I will stuff the eggs and then we shall be done. Have you boys given Bingo his sugar this morning? I thought I heard him pawing a little while ago."

"Bingo is our pony," Gene explained to Raoul, "and he does love sugar! Usually we take turns giving it to him, but it's my turn today, and I'll let you have it because you're company. Just wait till you see him say 'Thank you' for it."

Raoul had never heard of a pony's saying 'Thank you' to anybody, and he was surprised and delighted when the little cream colored pony took the lump of sugar from his fingers with two quick nods of his pretty head and two taps of a dainty forefoot on the stable floor.

'Isn't he clever!" cried Gene. "He knows a lot of tricks."

"That's because he's a circus pony," said Dorothy, rubbing their pet's soft nose. "Father bought him for us from a showman who was going to shoot him because he was sick and couldn't do his stunts in the ring. We sent him up here to Dom, the man who looks after this place, and Dom cured him."

"Dot and I can ride Bingo some," said Gene, but we don't do it very often. We're getting too big for him. But when Yvette is older, Father says she may learn. See, Raoul, that shiny harness with all the tassels and cords on it, hanging on the wall? That's Bingo's circus harness."

Raoul petted Bingo a little. "It is that he is a so *charmant* pony," he said. "He makes me think of Madelon."

"Madelon?" cried Gene and Dorothy. "Your little donkey that we had such adventures with in France?"

"But Bingo isn't a bit like Madelon," said Gene thoughtfully.

Raoul nodded. "That is why," he said. "She is different, so I think of them both together that way. Madelon does not know the tricks."

"I'll show you some others Bingo can do," said Gene. But just then Maman called them, and they had to leave the pony and hurry back to the house to get ready for the picnic.

The boys carried the hamper full of good things hung across a stout stick, and Maman and Aunt Olivia carried cushions and small rugs on which to sit. Raoul watched Aunt Olivia admiringly.

"Your Aunt Olivia, she is *charmante*," he told Gene and Dorothy. He thought her the most unusual American he had yet met, not like a French lily as was Maman, but bright and jolly and pretty, like a poppy, he explained to Gene and Dorothy.

"Everybody likes Aunt Olivia," said Dorothy happily. "She's such fun, and she has the cleverest ideas about doing things that are fun. All the boys and girls around here think she's the best sort of aunt. You'll see."

"Here comes Ned and Billy!" interrupted Gene.

"And Elinor and Priscilla, too!" added Dorothy.

After that others joined them, and soon a merry group of boys

A WAVERING, SILVERY THREAD CAME CURLING THROUGH THE LEAVES

and girls turned into the Picnic Trail and began the long climb up Honeypot Hill.

The Picnic Trail was long and narrow and steep, and nobody was sorry when the climb was ended and the cushion and rugs spread on the grass, so that everyone could rest and breath the pure, piney fragrance that was Honeypot's welcome.

By and by the grown-ups began to unpack the paper things for the tables, which were really side planks laid across three stumps and securely fastened. Soon an odor of hot coffee rose from a nearby shack, which was the only place on the Hill where a fire was allowed.

Raoul soon made friends with the other boys and girls and almost before anyone realized, lunch-time had come.

And after lunch Raoul and Gene and Dorothy found a ring of lovely little birches on the very edge of the picnic ground, and Dorothy declared it was a fairy wishing ring, and that all of them must wish. Of course, the boys let her wish first, and it took her so long to decide what to wish for that they went across to the other side of the grove to look at the sea, sparkling and dancing far away through the trees, and at the roof of the Bee Hive peeping through the leaves at the foot of the hill.

Then suddenly Gene turned, and saw something that made him rub his eyes while his heart came pounding into his throat.

"Look!" he called softly to Raoul. "Dot, come here."

Dorothy hurried to them, and followed Gene's pointing finger. "Oh, Gene!" she cried. "It can't be—"

A wavering, silvery thread came curling lazily up through the green leaves below them, growing bigger and grayer as they watched.

Without a word, Gene plunged through the underbrush, down the steep, untravelled slope of Honeypot.

The lazy, curling thread of silver was smoke—*smoke on Honeypot Hill*!

(To be continued)

HOW SIGRID SAVED THE KING

BY FRED MYRON COLBY

LITTLE Sigrid's home was a rude house, a small, hovel-like structure, with a thatched roof and an old-looking, time-worn chimney. There were but three rooms in this house; one of these was the loft reached by a rude stairway, and used by the family as a sleeping chamber. Of the two on the ground-floor one was used as a storage or provision room, the larger room was kitchen and living-room.

The walls of the living-room were bare save for a pair of deer's horns over the door. The windows were narrrow and had shutters inside. At one end was a raised hearth of stone. The rafters were smoked to a rich coffee color. Each of these features lent its own touch to the strange distinction possessed by the bare room. A big heavy deal table, a chair, half a dozen stools and a carved spinning wheel comprised the furniture.

This hut stood among the Dalecarlian hills in Sweden, in the midst of deep woods, though on one side there was an open stretch, through which could be seen green fields, and far below in the valley the roofs and chimneys of a small hamlet. It was a wild beautiful country, and this forest cottage and its barn, which also had a thatched roof, added a quaint charm to it.

Such, at that period, was the home of Sigrid Johannsson and her little brother Carl. Sigrid was only twelve, and Carl was eight years old. They had lived in this secluded hovel ever since they were born. Their father had been a wood-cutter, but the year before had been killed by the fall of one of his own trees.

Their mother, Dame Ulrica, went out nursing, far and near, for a livelihood, and was then attending the miller's sick wife at Rattvik, a little hillside village about a dozen miles distant through the woods. So the children were all alone in their forest home a large part of the time.

"Be careful, Sigrid," Dame Ulrica had said when she left home the first of the week. "The Danish soldiers are about,

SIGRID SEIZED THE STRANGER'S HEAVY FUR COAT AND HURRIED UP THE STAIRWAY

searching everywhere for that true Swede Gustavus Vasa. Thou best not leave the house while I am away!"

"Thou shouldst not worry about Sigrid or me, mother," declared Carl, shaking his yellow curls and strutting up and down with his father's axe upon his shoulders. "I will kill all the wicked Danes, every one. Then the good Gustavus won't have to hide any longer with a price upon his head."

Sigrid smiled meekly at her brother's speech. She was a dig-

nified little thing, with two great coils of yellow hair hanging down below her waist, and blue eyes as peaceful as the summer skies of her home.

"Brother will take care of me," mother, thou see'st," Sigrid said; "and we'll not leave the house."

"I shall be back as soon as the good wife is better," said the mother. "And Ulfson shall come over with a bag of meal."

The children saw their mother depart without a thought of being afraid. She was absent so much that they were quite accustomed to being alone.

Carl and Sigrid had plenty of work to busy themselves with. The boy fed the chickens, the two sheep and the cow, carried the water and gathered fuel from the forest, and his sister milked the cow, churned the butter, cooked their meals and spun the wool, even as Swedish maidens do today. When it came night they closed the shutters early, drew the stout oaken bar across the door, lighted their single lamp and roasted nuts in the hot ashes till bedtime, when they said their prayers, drew the ashes over the coals and climbed to the loft to their couches of straw with wolfskins for blankets.

In the middle of the week the miller's boy came over the hills with a bag of barley meal on his mule's back; but no other person visited them till one night just at dusk, little Carl rushed into the kitchen, where his sister was spinning.

"Oh, Sigrid," cried he, "there's a big man coming up the path. I think it must be one of the Danes! Hadn't we better bar him out?"

"Hush, Carl," said his sister, pausing to stir the coals on the wide hearth." 'Tis no Dane if he comes alone. Doubtless he is some traveler who needs shelter for the night."

"I don't know about that," answered Carl, cautiously. "He is so tall and burly I think I will get my axe."

Before Sigrid could answer there was a rap at the door, and her first glance was an apprehensive one as she opened it.

The stranger was of large frame, tall and broad-shouldered, as Carl had said; and his great size was rendered more impressive by the large cloak of bear's fur that hung from his shoul-

ders for it was the season of cold among the Dalecarlian mountains. Piercing dark eyes shone from under heavy brows, and the man's whole air was that of one used to command.

"Canst give shelter to a wanderer among the hills?" he asked in a somewhat stern voice, yet courteous enough. "I had hoped to go further, but night is coming and I am far from friends."

"To such as we have thou art welcome, sir," answered Sigrid, throwing wide the door.

SIGRID STRUCK HER GUEST A RUDE BLOW ON THE FACE

The stranger murmured his thanks and came into the room, laying aside his heavy fur garment and seating himself near the fire.

Little Carl continued to view him suspiciously. He kept back in the corner, and noted every movement of their guest, who sat quiet with his chin upon his hands, while Sigrid was busy getting supper. When the hot barley cakes and the bean-porridge were placed upon the table, Carl hardly had courage to set his stool at the opposite side, but brought forward the heavy woodsman's axe so that the stranger might note that he had it within reach.

This action fastened the visitor's eye. "What dost thou do with thy axe, my lad?" he asked curiously.

"I keep it to kill Danes with," replied the hardy little Swede, with unexpected energy.

"Then thou wilt have work enough to do ere long," said the

visitor, smiling; and he fell to eating his bowl of porridge with the zest of a hungry man.

Hardly had the three finished their hungry meal when they were disturbed by the clatter of horses' hoofs outside. The next instant there was a heavy knock on the door.

"Give us entrance!" cried half a dozen voices.

Carl grasped his axe and stood up behind the table in a posture of defence. The visitor sprang to his feet, gave a glance around, and then, as if realizing how useless would be an attempt to give fight, he siezed the remainder of the porridge, and resumed his eating.

But quiet Sigrid's action was the most singular of all; she seized the stranger's heavy fur coat and hurried up the stairway with it, returning just in time to unbar the door as a threatening voice cried, "Open this door, or we will break it down!"

Then a dozen armed men struggled in through the doorway, and the leader sternly asked, "Girl, hast seen a wanderer pass the hut?"

"No one has passed by the door these seven days," answered gentle Sigrid, with an unfaltering tongue, though her cheeks paled.

"But who is he yonder?" questioned the officer, with a suspicious glance at the figure by the hearth.

"That," said the quiet girl in a contempuous tone, "is a varlet who does not know when he has eaten enough!"

And then, as by a sudden inspiration, she struck her guest a rude blow in the face.

"To the barn, thou churl, where thou belongest!" she exclaimed. "I will inform thy mistress on her return what a glutton and lazybones she pays her hard-earned silver to. To thy work!"

The man arose with a lazy yawn, wiped his mouth with his hand and muttered, "The fire was warm and the soup was good. I didn't know it was any harm."

Then he made for the door, his exit being considerably hastened by the help of the soldiers, who jostled him with rude jokes, all of which he took placidly.

"Well! thou hast a sharp tongue, my lass, although thou lookest meek enough!" declared the officer, with a laugh. "Pardon us for this intrusion."

He ordered his men to remount and ride on in pursuit of the illustrious fugitive, who, thanks to a young girl's ready wit, they had just had the pleasure of assisting to escape out of their very hands.

After the soldiers had disappeared in the forest Sigrid sank down, white as a sheet, and Carl, wondering, asked, "Were they Danes, sister?"

He would not believe that the burly stranger, who had left his big fur coat in their loft, was really the famous Gustavus Vasa, till one day in the following summer, when a cavalcade rode up to the cottage door, and the leader, the same heavy man with the stern eyes and grim lips, whom they had housed, asked for Sigrid.

"Thou art a brave girl and a discerning one," said the king—he was now Gustavus I.—"and I well know that I owe my life to thy prompt action. If thou wilt now return my fur coat I will pay thee for its keeping."

And to the surprise of quiet Sigrid and her mother, while Carl's eyes fairly seemed to roll out of their sockets, he laid a chain of gold around the white neck of the modest young girl.

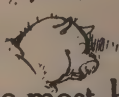
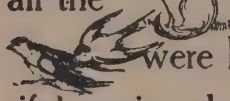
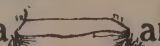
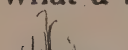
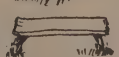
"That is the gift of thy king," he continued. "The nation gives thee a better keepsake."

Thereupon he put into the hands of the bewildered Sigrid a folded parchment to which were attached cords and seals. Then bowing grandly, as if she had been a princess, the Swedish hero king and his knights rode away.

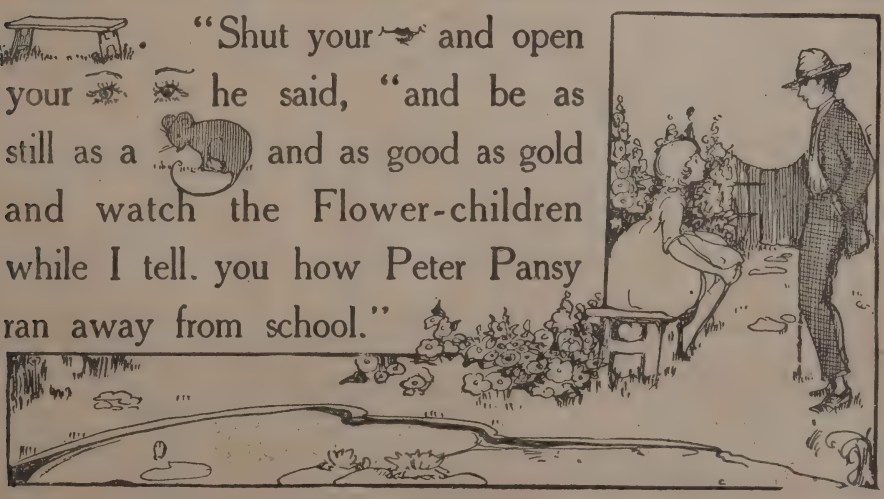
The parchment proved to be the title-deed of a large estate granted to Sigrid and her heirs forever and which is said to be still in the hands of the descendants of the gentle young Swedish girl whose shrewd wit and presence of mind saved the life of the greatest of Sweden's sovereigns.

Trixie and the Flower-Children

I.

"WOULD you like to see the garden, Uncle Joe?" asked Trixie. Trixie was a little seven years old and was her very nice uncle. He had bright with funny little twinkles in them like , and all the and and and  and  were his friends and he could tell the most beautiful stories about them. had come to visit at Trixie's and she had shown him her and her doll-house and her and her new and her bead . "And now would you like to see the garden?" she asked. "Very much," said So they went out of the and around the and up a and down a  and through a little green and there they were in the garden. "Dear me, what a beautiful garden, said , "and what a fine  and what a splendid  to sit on and what lovely ! How do you do. Flowers!" Uncle Joe took off his to the and jumped up and down with glee. "Oh, do the know you, too, Uncle Joe?" she cried. "Indeed

they do," said , looking as wise as an . "See little Peter Pansy laughing at me down there by the ! Did you ever hear how Peter ran away from school?" "But flowers can't run, Uncle Joe!" cried . "Can't they!" said with the funny twinkles in his . "They keep as still as when you're looking at them, but how do you know what they do when you're not looking? When you are fast asleep in your little, how do you know the Flower-children don't get out of their little , and have a grand frolic in the garden? I could tell you things!" "Oh, do tell me," cried , jumping up and down again and clapping her "Do, please, dear Uncle Joe, tell me what the Flower-children do when I'm not looking!" Then tossed Trixie up like a and set her down on the . "Shut your and open your he said, "and be as still as a and as good as gold and watch the Flower-children while I tell you how Peter Pansy ran away from school."



The Toothsome Snow-Man.

BY ELIZABETH HILL

THEY made him in Grandma's garden,
A snow-man ten feet tall;
Big and white, a wonderful sight,
Right out by the old brick wall.
They trimmed his coat with buttons
Of snowballs round and hard
Then in they went to their supper
And left him standing guard.
Hoo-ray!
A well spent day
Who ever saw
Such a great snow-man!

But while they were eating supper
The frost-elves happened along;
They climbed and ran all over the man,
A lively tricksy throng;
And then, by way of frolic,
And to give the boys a treat,
They put him under a magic spell
That made him good to eat.
Ho-Ho!
You didn't know
What could be made
Of a plain snow-man!

As soon as supper was over
The children hurried out,
And when their eyes met the elves' surprise
They raised a regular shout.
"His legs are yellow" cried Johnny,
"Why, his coat is pink!" said Ned.
"And his buttons taste like candy,"
Up shouted little Ted.

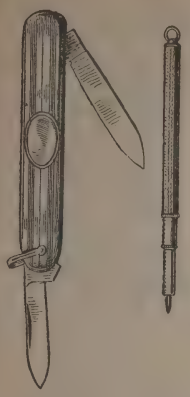
"Hel-lo!
If 'tisn't so!
Go for him, boys!
He's a candy-man!"

"No, no—ice-cream!" cried Harry,
"Get spoons! O here is fun!
Say, boys, let us call the town-folk all—
There's enough for everyone!"
They ran and started the church bells
A-ringing up loud and clear.

"There's an ice-cream man in Grandma's yard!
Good people, all give ear!"
"Cling-clang!"
The great bells rang,
"Bring out your spoons
For the ice-cream man!"

And a running came the people,
People of every age,
From old Squire Jones with rheumatic bones,
To knee high Tommy Page.
And some brought a spoon of silver,
And some brought spoons of wood;
They dipped right into the ice-cream man,
And my! but wasn't he good!
So-there!
Tell, if you dare,
A bigger yarn
Of a plain snow-man.

EXCEPTIONAL TOY VALUES FOR GIRLS AND BOYS

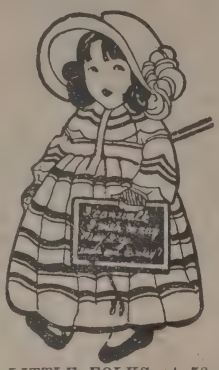


* GOLD KNIFE AND PENCIL *

Here is a practical two-piece set that any little girl or grown woman would enjoy. The pencil is 2 3-4 inches long, gold-filled and beautifully engine turned, with adjustable lead. The knife measures 3 inches in length, is gold-filled and engine-turned and has two strong steel blades. Both knife and pencil are provided with rings by which they may be worn upon a ribbon or chain about the neck.

The knife and pencil together will be given for two yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price of each, sold singly, 50c

*A REAL WALKING DOLL *



This is the newest and cleverest of walking dolls. She really and truly walks. There is nothing to get out of order, no key to lose, nothing to break if dolly falls down, for she is made of heavy pasteboard in six beautiful natural colors. Both sides of dolly are alike. She stands a foot high and has a sixteen-inch wooden handle to guide the mechanism that makes her walk so naturally. You have never before owned such a delightful dolly. Her name is Ima Walker, and she will always be ready to go with you on any walk you choose.

Given for four new four month's trial subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS at 50c. Cash price, 35c.

* MOVING PICTURE MACHINE *

Give your own moving picture shows with this machine. There is everything with it for a real show—full instructions, tickets, show-bills, 3 real moving picture films, exactly like those used in all moving picture theatres. The machine is made entirely of metal. The films show a number of popular comedy subjects. Besides these films, the machine will show magic lantern slides. No gas is needed. Simply attach machine to ordinary electric light socket to run. It comes ready to operate. It is safe, for there is nothing to burn or explode. Any white sheet or plain wall will serve as a screen for the pictures, which can be made to vary in size from three feet in diameter to a rectangular picture 5 by 7 feet.

Given for eight yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, $5.00

KNOCKDOWN KITES

Boys, here is everything you need to make a kite that will fly better than any you ever had. It comes complete, ready to put together with full directions. They are easy to make and great fun. Each outfit contains hardwood sticks, heavy fibre paper covering, string for frame, etc., enough for two kites.

Some day, when there is a good kite wind, ask some of your chums to come over and have a kite party. You can make your kites together and then go out and fly them. Your sister and her girl friends will enjoy kite-flying and kite-making as much as you do, but the boys and girls who have these knock-down kites will win most contests.

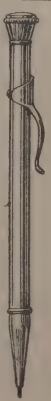
Given for 3 four-months trial subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS at 50c. Cash price, 20c.

CHARACTER BABY

That seems a strange name for a dolly, but that is what the manufacturer calls her, because she is so very different from the ordinary small doll. She is only five inches tall, but she is made all of bisque, has long, curly hair, eyes that will open and close and arms and legs that move. Not for a long time have you seen such an exceptional little dolly. She is just the right size to live in the doll-house, or to be carried about and loved and dressed by any little girl. The biggest big doll in your family is apt to feel sadly neglected when this beautiful little doll-person comes to live with you. You will like her the minute you see her. Order now, for the supply will soon grow less.

Given for two yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 75c

EVEREDY PENCIL

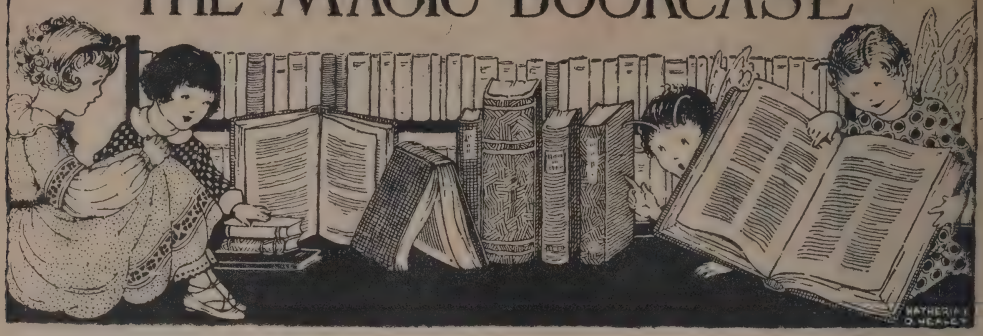


If you are looking for a crackerjack present for your daddy or your uncle or your big brother, you won't go amiss if you choose this Everedy pencil which does not have to be sharpened and which always has a perfect writing point. It is 5¼ inches long, and is nicely made of nickel, with a protected point which turns to adjust the lead. The head of the pencil may be removed, and forms a case to hold the extra leads which come with the pencil. A clip is attached to the pencil to hold it into your pocket or wherever you carry it. This is a good pencil for school use, too, as it will not be easily misplaced, lost or broken.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 50c.

Your own subscription, either new or renewal, will count as one toward any reward marked with asterisks (*—*)

THE MAGIC BOOKCASE



IT'S the Book Folk who make the magic that comes out of the Magic Bookcase every time you open a volume to read. The Book-Folk live there, and every time you put a new book into the bookcase, it is just as though a new family had moved into the neighborhood. There are a lot of new Book-Folk this fall, and you may select from the list below those you would like to have live in *your* neighborhood and whose magic *you* would enjoy most of all.

Four fascinating Book-Folk are Mark, Isabel, Prue and Poppy, and it takes four books to recount all their interesting doings. *The Jack-in-the-Box Books* is the name of the series, and Marion Ames Taggart is the author. George H. Doran, New York, is the publisher. These four children will be most interesting to you if you are from eight to thirteen years old; if you love clubs, and mysteries, and gypsying and country adventures. You can't guess what fun you will have with these four merry youngsters until you share their magic with them in your own neighborhood. The four volumes are *At Greenacres, The Queer Little Man, The Bottle Imp, Poppy's Pluck.* Each volume costs $1.50.

If you are fond of really true stories, there are two collections, each very different from the other, that will please you, because the Book-Folk in them are more than just Book-Folk.

Their magic is the magic of life itself. The first is the magic of life long, long ago, and the name of the book is *Hero Stories From the Old Testament.* The author of these stories is Seymour Loveland, and he has re-told these wonderful hero tales in such a fascinating way that you will be delighted with them. You will understand as you have not understood before the stirring events and brave deeds that made up the lives of these old heroes, who were really living men and not just make-believe people, and you will think the stories better and more wonderful than the most delightful fairy-tale you ever read. The illustrations are reproductions of famous Biblical paintings. Rand McNally publishes the book, and if you will write to them, at Chicago, they will tell you the price. It is a book well worth owning.

The other book of really true stories is called *Log Cabin Days,* and was written by Albert Blaisdell and Francis Ball. The stories begin with the coming of Eric the Red to Iceland about the year 1000, and before you have finished, you will know about the "White Lily" who was captured by the Indians; how Molly Hays came to be called "the heroine of Monmouth"; how a patriot turned traitor to his country; how Nancy Campbell captured a Hessian; about Caesar Rodney's famous ride, and many other stirring events in the early history of our country. Sometimes we think history is hard and stupid; that is because we think of the men and women who made it as middle-aged, sedate persons, when they were really nothing of the sort—just fine, brave young men and women, many of them, whose lives were as full of adventure as any story-book person's could be made. True stories like these will make you decide that history is the most thrilling, adventuresome tale in the world—and you will be right. There are many fine illustrations. Little, Brown and Company, Boston, publishes this book, and it sells for $1.20.

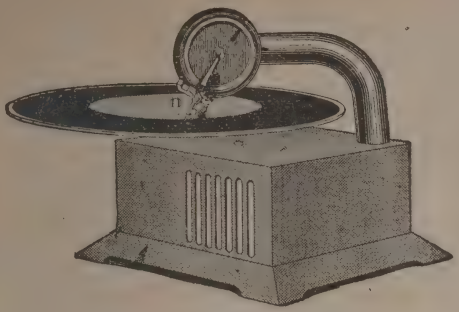
Book-Folk of still another sort will greet you and weave a truly magic spell about you between the covers of the beautiful *Blue Fairy Book* by Andrew Lang. It is a big volume, splendidly bound, and gilt-edged. The print is large and clear, and the pictures, in colors, are among the most beautiful we have ever seen in a fairy book. There are also pictures in black and white. All your old favorites are there to greet you, and many newer ones will become your friends. Don't miss this volume. David McKay, Philadelphia, is the publisher, and the price is $3.50. The book is well worth it.

Some Book-Folk are animals, and there is one you must certainly meet. He is *Prince Jan,* and that is the name of his book, too. If you love animals, you will love this wonderful St. Bernard, born at the Hospice in the Land of Snow, and reared across the sea in the Land

(Continued on page 96)

(Something To Do Department continued on page 94)

GIRLS ESPECIALLY WILL LIKE THESE



A REAL PHONOGRAPH

Haven't you always wanted a phonograph of your very own, one you could play any time you wanted to, and that would not squeak and scratch and squawk? Those are the things this phonograph does not do. This is a real machine that plays 10-inch Victor or Columbia records as well as the small 6-inch ones. Its reproducer is so good that the selections sound almost as well as the big, expensive machines. It plays band, instrumental and vocal pieces equally well. Its strong motor insures smooth, pleasing, rythmic music.

Given for five new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, $3.50.

BEGINERS MODELLING OUTFIT

This outfit contains five rolls of Plasteline, in different colors: blue, yellow, green, gray and red. With it you can model all kinds of animals, houses and landscapes. The Plasteline lasts forever and can be used over and over as often as desired. The only tools necessary are your fingers and 2 sharp modelling sticks that come with the outfit. Directions included.

Given for two new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 65c.

A WRIST WATCH THAT IS NOT A TOY

Here is a military wrist watch for girls and boys. Has nickel case, full radium dial for night reading, and genuine leather Kitchener style strap, broad or narrow (state preference when ordering). It is a stem winder pendant set, Swiss movement, has full nickel, 7 jewel lever escapement. Keeps good time.

Given for eight new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, $6.00.

SMALL DANDY

PAINT BOX

This Dandy paint box contains 22 colors in paints and crayons. There are eight boxes of water color and pans of water color paints, and six crayons, two pans and paint brush, all put up in a big, beautiful strong box with hinged cover. With it you can color all the pictures in LITTLE FOLKS and many others.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 60c.

IT'S A CUM BAC

No matter where you roll it, on the level, or up hill or down, it will come back to you. This toy is well made of strong paper, gaily colored, and is provided with springs which make it cum-bac." The heads of the "cum-bac" toys are made of tin. Little people will enjoy this mysterious toy.

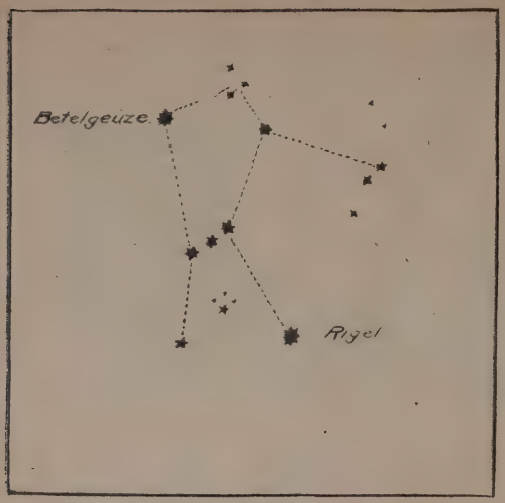
Given for 3 four-months trial subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS. Cash price, 20c.

VALENTINE MAKING SET

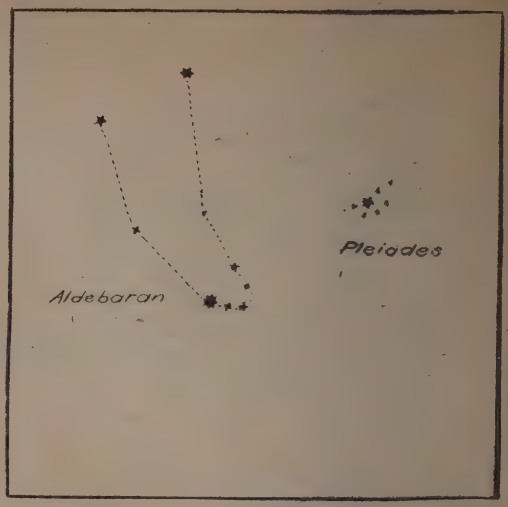
Why don't you try making your own valentines this year? If you never have, you can't begin to guess fun that is waiting for you in this big package. Then, too, our friends enjoy the gifts we make them so much more than those we just buy for them. The set shown is the very set you will want to have and is the same set that thousands of Little Folks readers have used for several years past and declare to be the best ever. It contains lace paper, flowers, cupids, valentines folders, stickers and envelopes of assorted shapes and sizes for mailing the valentines. The pictures inside the folder may be colored with your water colors or crayons, and that means additional fun. The completed valentines look just like those you buy in the stores for 5 and 10 cents each, and your friends will be delighted to receive them.

Two sets given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 20 cents a set.

Your own subscription, either new or renewal, will count as one toward any reward marked with asterisks (*—*)



ORION



TAVRUS

SOMETHING TO FIND IN THE SKY

BRIGHTEST of all the constellations in the sky is Orion. You will find him by the three bright stars in his belt. Still brighter than these three stars are the stars in his right shoulder and his left leg—Betelgueze and Rigel. Can you see the sword in his belt, formed by a cluster of stars called a nebula?

Orion seems to be facing the bull, Taurus. Imagine a line from his right foot through his left shoulder and continued up as far again; the point it reaches is just between the horns of Taurus and his bright red eye, a star called Aldebaran. In the face of Taurus are five stars which form a V.

The Pleiades, or seven sisters, are just above the V of Taurus. There is an old, old story that tells how Orion, a handsome young hunter, was chasing a deer with his dog, Sirius, when he came to a lovely grove where the seven daughters of Atlas, the giant, were dancing and playing ball. He watched the lovely nymphs until one of them threw the ball so that it fell at his feet. When he moved to throw it back, the nymphs saw him for the first time and were frightened. Orion only wanted to make friends with them, but when they tried to run away, he followed. Faster and faster they ran, but Orion kept gaining, and the nearer he came, the more frightened were the nymphs. At last they prayed to the gods to save them, and the gods changed them to doves. They flew up into the sky and were changed to stars. Although there are seven stars, most people can see only six.

How Orion heard of the beauty of the Princess Merope and went to see if she was as lovely as the daughters of Atlas, and how he fell in love with Merope and for her sake performed many great and dangerous deeds until her father, King Oenipion, who hated Orion, had his eyes put out, is part of the story. The god Vulcan took pity on Orion and caused his eyesight to be restored. Orion went back to his hunting and one day, in a strange country, the goddest Diana met him and was so pleased with him that she became his friend. Diana had sworn never to be married, and her brother, Apollo, became afraid she would break her oath. So as he walked with Diana on the seashore, one morning, he begged her to show him how well she could shoot. "See that black spot on the waves," he said. "Let's see if you you can hit a mark so small as that."

Diana shot her arrow and the speck disappeared.

It was the head of Orion that Diana's arrow had struck, and when the goddess learned that her favorite was dead, she changed him to a constellation in the sky.

Margherita O. Osborne

SOMETHING TO WRITE TO OTHER READERS

Peggy Wagner, Oil City, Wyoming, would like a thirteen year old Wyoming reader to write to her.

Ruth Burdick, Norwich, Conn., will answer letters from any readers. She is twelve.

Clarinda Moser, Rocky Hill, Conn., would like to hear from any of the readers. She is twelve.

Elaine Ridgeley, 940 Washington, D. C., will answer any letter sent her. She is twelve.

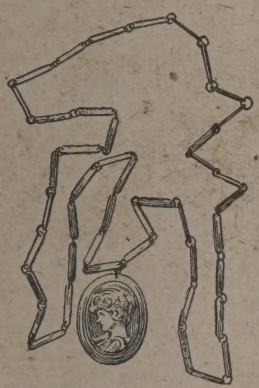
(Something To Do Department continued on page 96)

UP-TO-THE MINUTE TOYS

BABY DOLL

This is Baby Blossom, the baby doll you have been wanting. Baby Blossom wears a long white dress, trimmed with lace, and a pretty white bonnet. She is nine inches long—just an ideal baby for any little girl—and no amount of hard usage will harm her, for she is unbreakable. When you wheel her out in your doll-carriage, your friends will quickly vote her the dearest dolly in the neighborhood. You will enjoy making other baby clothes for her than those she will wear when she comes to you, and of course they may be long or short.

Given for one new yearly subscription (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, $1.00



JADE CHAIN

It is thirty inches long, light and durable, with long, chained links. Attached to the chain is an oval jade pendant, cut cameo style. This is an exceedingly pretty and attractive chain and pendant, and will be charming for your own wear or will make an exceptionally nice gift for Mother, Big Sister or a friend.

Given for six four-months trial subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, at 50c. Cash price, 60c.

CRAYOLA PICTURE TRACER

Do you like to make pictures? Of course you do, just as you like to hear stories and to tell them yourself.

With this Tracer are twelve colored pictures illustrating well-known fables and fairy tales that you will enjoy. Slip one of these pictures into the metal Tracer, and on the transparent tracing paper above outline the picture or color it solidly with the crayons in the set. Then read the story the picture illustrates, or have some read or tell it to you. Perhaps you would perfer hearing the story before you color the picture on your Tracer at all. You can make your own story-books with these pictures, if you take pains, or you can have story-telling and picture-making contests with your little friends. There is lots of paper in the set—enough to last a long time.

Given for two yearly subscriptions to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, 80c.

Boys—A Real Rapid Fire Machine Gun

SHOOTS AS FAST AS YOU TURN THE CRANK

GET BIG DICK

And be envied by every boy in town

Every boy has heard of the big rapid fire machine guns. "Big Dick" is modelled as closely as a toy can be after its big brother used at the front. It shoots with remarkable accuracy. After a little practice you will be able to hit any object you wish at a considerable distance. It is a powerful yet harmless gun. Shoots thirty six bullet-shaped wooden slugs as fast as you can turn the crank.

"Big Dick" is 23 inches long, 9 inches high, and made of iron, with a strong wooden barrel. This is the largest, finest made, and strongest toy gun we have ever seen.

"Big Dick" is a gun that will be enjoyed both indoors and out. It is a great gun to use behind a sand or dirt or snow fort. Extra shots can be purchased at any time.

Given for four new yearly subscriptions (not your own) to LITTLE FOLKS, postpaid. Cash price, $2.75.

Your own subscription either new or renewal, will count as one toward any reward marked with asterisks (*—*)

THE MAGIC BOOKCASE

(Continued from page 92)

of No Snow. His puppyhood in the Alps, his journeyings, his joys and his sorrows make a tale that will not let you put the book down until it is finished. You will laugh when Prince Jan is happy, and cry when his fortunes are adverse—and you will love Prince Jan, and all dogs better because of him, for this story will teach you to understand them better. Forrestine Hooker wrote the story, and Doubleday, Page & Co., of New York published it. The price is $1.75.

You must have met, already, some of Lucy Fitch Perkins' charming little twins in the various Twin Books you have read; but none of them have more charm or lead more fascinating and adventurous lives than *The Belgian Twins* and *The Puritan Twins*. You will have to decide for yourself whether you would rather have lived in Cambridge, Massachusetts, with the Puritan Twins, and been attacked by Indians, or in Belgium in war-time and been little refugees. Each pair of Twins has a fitting set of adventuures to make up their story, and if you are about twelve years old you will spend more than one delightful hour following them through the tangle of their joys and sorrows to the happy endings of the stories. Each volume sells for $1.75, and the publisher is Houghton Mifflin, of Boston.

Have you ever met *Heidi*? That is the name of her book, and she lived, so Johanna Spyri, her author, says, years ago in Switzerland. Heidi has long been a favorite Book-Person with children everywhere, and her story has been translated into many languages. She is a little orphan girl who goes to live with her grandfather and brings back to him his lost happiness. You, too, will be happy in the companionship of Heidi and her friends. This is a real classic, and is beautifully illustrated in color. Rand McNally, Chicago, publishes the book, and the price will be furnished if you will to write them about it.

Do you like to lie in front of the fire and read? There are three delightful fire-side books for little boys and girls, full of colored pictures, and each big enough to spread out flat on the floor. The type is big enough to read easily and the stories are about the right length for just-before-bedtime reading. The first book is *Wild Friends At Home*, by C. E. Davies. Mr. Davies knows all about the way wild animals live, and how they look, and if you will go with his small hero to the nursery where the border of animals is to be found, you, too, will learn some things about them as interesting as can be. Little boys from four to six will like this book very much. Frederick Stokes, New York, publishes the book, and will tell you the price if you inquire.

The second fire-side book, likewise big and flat, and full of pictures, is called *Once Upon a Time*. Rand McNally has gathered together some of the best-known fairy-tales and put them into this delightful book. A little girl before the fire-place would be just as happy as could be with this book of princes and princesses, enchantments and spells. The price will be furnished by the publishers upon request.

The third book both boys and girls will like, for it is a book containing the most famous fables in the world, those written by Aesop. The book is called *The Aesop For Children*, and many strangely human animals will teach you through their own good and bad qualities what to do and what not to do to be happy and successful. Fables are a sort of fairy-tale, you know, very short and always interesting. Rand McNally publishes this book, too, and the price will be furnished upon request.

If you are older boys and girls, there are other delightful Book-Folk to meet. Two of them are Babs, and Bob Hanson. Babs is almost grown up in *Babs At Home*, by Alice R. Colver. This is a war-time story with a real romance in it. To tell you more about it would be to give the secret away, but it is as well-written a war-story for girls as could be found anywhere. You will laugh and cry with Babs and give a big sigh of relief when everything comes out just as you hoped it would. The Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia, are the publishers of all the *Babs Books*, and will furnish prices on request.

For the boys of ten to twelve, there are the *Bob Hanson Books*, by Russell G. Carter, also published by the Penn Publishing Co., Philadelphia. Mr. Carter certainly knows what boys like, and he has a fine way of telling you about their adventures and problems that will make you like Bob and his friends as well as any real boys you ever met. The two newest Bob Hanson books are *Bob Hanson, Tenderfoot*, and *Bob Hanson, Scout*. The price will be sent to you upon request by the publishers.

You've all loved Thornton Burgess's stories about Peter Rabbit and the Green Meadow people, so you will be glad to learn that Mr. Burgess has written three of a new series of books, called *The Wishing-Stone Series*, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. The three books have to do with the adventures of one Tommy, who discovers a magic stone that will give him whatever he wishes. Tommy's wishes turn him into many little forest folks, and he has some lively times getting in and out of trouble—just as they do. The books sell for $1.00 each, and the titles are *Tommy and the Wishing-Stone; Tommy's Wishes Come True; Tommy's Change of Heart*. You will enjoy them all.

Any of the books mentioned above may be ordered direct from the publishers, if your book-store doesn't have them, or if there is no book-store near you. Next month we will meet some other interesting Book-Folk in still more of the new books; meanwhile, enjoy the magic of these.

Christmas 52 Times a Year

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

The Companion breathes the Christmas spirit all through the year. It helps to make home a centre of attraction ; it increases knowledge, holds fast to the highest standards of thought and conduct and provides wholesome entertainment in overflowing measure.

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Every New Subscriber sending $2.50 with this coupon or the name of this publication will receive :

1 The 52 Weekly Issues of The Companion for 1922
2 All the remaining issues of 1921
3 The Companion Home Calendar for 1922

All for **$2.50**

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

COLGATE'S *for Christmas*

Why Santa Puts in a Tube of Colgate's

HERE'S usefulness — and yet so pleasant that every boy and every girl appreciates a tube at Christmas time, and all through the year.

No present you can give will do more good now or in later life.

The habit of caring for the teeth is easily acquired with Colgate's, for its flavor is delicious.

Giving a tube of Colgate's is a gift of Good Teeth—Good Health, and it makes a Happy New Year—happy.

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